
THE AMULET.

YOUR picture smiles as first it smiled,
The ring you gave is still the same,
Your letter tells, O changing child,
No tidings *since* it came.

Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you,
Red when you love, and rosier red,
And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas, that neither bonds nor vows
Can certify possession ;
Torments me still the fear that love
Died in its last expression.
